THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 19. Whole No. 71.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

A REQUEST.

The person who lately borrowed a wheel-barrow, without asking permission to take it, from No. 187, Arch-street, is requested to appiy for the side boards: but if he is too *modest* or *independent* to ask a favor, he will please to return the wheel barrow to the proper owners, and by so doing prevent the exposure of his name.

FISHER & EVANS.

June 7.

District of Pennsylvania, *to wit:*

BE it remembered, That on the eleventh day of May, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1809, Benjamin Carr, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

'APPLICAZIONE ADDOLCITA, twelve airs and a ground with variations, or arranged as rondos in the different major & minor keys chiefly in use, with the fingering marked, and a small prelude to each, by Benjamin Carr. OP. 6. price 3 dollars.

'The certainty that there cannot be too great a number of pieces proper for pupils, is the inducement for the present addition to those already published; the following are not placed in any progressive order, farther than the regular increase of sharps and flats; the little preludes being all upon the same construction, may perhaps give some idea of transposition & variation. To amateurs who occasionally wish for some short pieces of the above kind, this work is also respectfully submitted.'

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to the act, entitled, 'An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

D. CALDWELL,
CLERK
of the District of Pennsylvania.

June 7.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

FOR SALE,

AT No. 9, CHESNUT-STREET,

For cash, or an endorsed note at 60 or 90 days, Mr. *NOBLE C. NEILSON's* CHECK, on the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank, for 250 dollars, payment thereof being stopped by the drawer.

GEORGE ABBOTT.

NB. Insert the above once a week for 6 months, unless the check is sooner disposed of. May 24.

Harrowgate Revived.

JOSEPH CLAYPOOLE,

BEGS LEAVE to inform the public, that he has removed to *HARROWGATE*, within four miles of the city, on the Frankford road, (a place which for health and elegance is unrivalled;) he has provided the best liquors, and will use every exertion to give satisfaction to those who may favour him with their custom. The springs, so well known for their salutary properties, are in excellent order.

Small families or single persons can be accommodated with boarding & lodging.

BREAKFASTS,
DINNERS,
COFFEE AND RELISHES,
can be immediately furnished.

June 14

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN; W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21.

FROM THE LANCASTER TIMES.

'I want words to express fully the high consideration I have for him and those who, in obedience to the law, participated with him in the honor of defending the local state sovereignty in the case of Olmstead—let it suffice to say, that I should deem it an honor, could I call the least worthy of them brother.'

[*Snyder's letter about Bright.*

What sons of thunder are these, to emulate whose valiant deeds our noble commander in chief seems so ambitious? What have they done? Why

At the point of the bayonet they prevented an unarmed man—the marshal—from serving process on Mrs. Sergeant and Mrs. Waters.

This is the proof of valor.

The posse of the district was called out to aid in the service of the process.

Gen. Michael Bright and men left the back door of fort Rittenhouse defenceless, and managed to let the marshal get wind of it.

Another proof of valor.

The marshal entered at the back door and took the ladies into his custody, and general Bright scampered off to Lancaster.

More valor.

General Bright and men were put in *prison* for resisting him.

Valor again.

The president pardoned them and they marched out of jail.

This is the last instance of their valor; except that they got valiently drunk in commemoration of their services, and blackened each others eyes.

Having adhered so strictly to the text of sir John Falstaff, 'the better part of *valor* is *discretion*,' during the the whole of the campaign, its lamentable, and so no doubt thinks Simon Snyder, that these *soldiers* should tarnish their glory by *indiscretion*.

We should like to know whether Matthew Randall can afford us any information respecting a letter of recommendation, given to two gentlemen, to the governer of Bombay.

CAUTIONARY.

Whereas William Duane, editor of the Aurora, in the year 1807, did couple the name of the editor of the Tickler with that of the infamous John Binns, this is to forewarn said Duane from repeating the aforesaid henious offence, as the editor is fully resolved in such case, to bring an action of *scan. mag.* and lay his damages at $.20,000.

Ever since the ascendancy of democracy in the city, our streets have exhibited a view of disgusting, loathsome and nauseous objects. The street dirt deposited out Vine-street, instead of being made up in large heaps, is dribbled out into little piles, probably to afford Mosey Wadlow, the prince of scavengers, an highly variegated birds-eye view. Chesnut-street, near Second-street, is graced with several *beautiful* little hillocks of filth, that save the neighbouring inhabitants many cents, which they would otherwise expend in flowers, by affording them *odoriferous smells* gratis.

Go on most worthy city commissioners! you and your patrons will certainly receive your reward

NEXT OCTOBER.

How polite are our county commissioners.

On young 'Siah Randall's being appointed clark of the Mayor's court, our complaisant county commissioners had the office scrubbed and whitewashed;—— put in new shelves and a new book-case. Had the *boy* been retiring from, instead of entering on the duties of the office, we apprehend that *cleansing* would have been peculiarly necessary.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

As in all ages, where there has been a clue for dispute, different places have claimed the honour of birth and education to great men, it may save our posterity some trouble if we are correct in stating the places from whence have emerged the Solomons of the present day. Under these considerations, I deem it a duty to inform you, that Mr. Barnes is from Lanesborough, Berkshire county, state of Massachusetts, and not from Connecticut as stated in one of your numbers; and pray Mr. Scratch'em, can you tell the reason why many of Simon's officers are so careful to conceal the places of their birth. I have thought, that as their natural talents were so great, some of them might have concluded it was best to have no education at all. If you can give us a better reason, you will much oblige a

READER.

Our patriotic and worthy fellow citizen, Mr. Ronaldson, is said to have recently given another *proof* of his attachment to the prosperity and *increase* of our *domestic manufactures*. We hope that lamp of righteousness, sorrel-topped *Aby Small*, is not interested in the affair. For particulars enquire of Mat Randall.

One morning last week, Bob Taylor the Chesnut-street wharf *wood-rolling*, ran one of his cart horses against one of the carter's old wood triggers, for a bet of $. 20. Bobby, in his usual sly way, did not appear to be the owner of the horse; or one of the *sportsmen*——a poor devil of a fellow fathers his iniquity, and Bob advances the twenty dollars to make the bet. At peep of day they turned out, when——alas! poor Bob! was shamefully beaten.

Did Bob Taylor read judge Rush's late charge to the grand jury, pointing out the dangerous and immoral tendency of *horse-racing*?

Selected from an old Almanac.

PREDICTION.

A remarkable letter from the renowned philosopher and astrologer, *Jonathan Christopher Ludeman*, published in his works, in quarto, page 436, at Amsterdam, A. D. 1757; concerning which he says, that for this prediction, America will put up his ashes in an urn.

AMERICA! thou perfect, yet unpeopled part of the world! I salute you in the name of the PLANETS, by whose circulating duration and influence you are at this day what you are. When buried in the abyss of oblivion, you were more happy than you are at present—Since you have been discovered, nations from the remotest part of the earth, have diligently sought you out. The fertility & agreeableness of your climate have proved delightful and alluring to your neighbours——Your population and the vast extent of your territories induce and encourage strangers from the utmost part of the world to visit you No sooner was the glorious enjoyment of your happy & profitable situation known, than you became the wish & envy of the greatest monarchs, who began to make their court to you, to solicit your possession and enjoyment. The head spring of those troubles which at present tear the christian world to pieces, is stirred up for your sake! You have been the INSTIGATOR of their present distractions; and you will probably be the mediator of their future quarrels.

Your *Independence*, O alluring America, shall hold the balance of quarreling *for ever*! This is a triumph only becoming & reserved for your illustrious quarter of the globe! My friends, the planets who are the silent protectors of your dominions, seem vigilant for the continuation of your prosperity & happiness! No other trouble or misfortune shall befal you, in the common course of time, but that of being envied by nations greedy of gain! Be not concerned about them——you shall sooner see their downfall, than it shall be in their power to injure you! Remember this remarkable prognostic of *Ludeman*, and you shall, in time to come, find reason to revere his memory.

Mr. Prentiss, editor of the Cooperstown Federalist, published Simon Snyder's famous letter to the celebrators of the feast of Folly and Rebellion, with the following judicious remark:

It is now about eight years since the leaders of democracy, with the *hero* of *Carter's Mountain* at their head, commenced a *systematic* attack upon the INDEPENDENCE of the Judiciary. The judicial power, that fortress of the Constitution, was to be overturned, before their diabolical plans could be carried fully into execution. Success crowned their first attempt——they immolated at the shrine of popular opinion one of the most sacred pillars which supported the fabric of our independence. They plead that the right to violate our constitution was not to be doubted, because similar constitutions had been violated elsewhere, and although a host of talents were brought into action against their nefarious schemes, they triumphed——*ingloriously triumphed*. Since that ever-memorable day, they have been unremitting in their exertions to make the judiciary subservient to the executive power. Judge *Chase* was arraigned before the senate to gratify the views of a few ambitious men—but in his judges he found men, who, casting aside the mantle of party, '*judged righteous judgment*.' But a deep laid plot in which the most tragical scenes were to be acted, was not thus easily to be evaded——finding insurmountable difficulties attending the prosecution of their designs *openly*, the turbulent, disorganizing, and revolutionary zealots plotted in secret——but at length the bubble burst——Mr. Jefferson in a *public* message to congress, called their attention to the proceedings in the case of Burr's trial for treason——here was another deadly blow aimed at the sheet anchor of our safety. In the case of Judge Johnson's giving his opinion on a question in which the interests of his fellow-citizens generally were immediately concerned, an attorney-general was found to sanction the doctrine, that Mr. Jefferson's mandate was paramount to all law, and judge Johnson was accordingly abused, censured, and denounced. This system of persecution and proscription has been followed up with almost as much zeal as in the days of Robespierre. It was reserved for Simon Snyder, the king of ignorance, to cap the climax of folly, in applauding and supporting a rebellion against the national government. This man, eminent as a bawler for 'equal rights' now would deem it the highest honor could he call the least worthy of those concerned in the *holy work of insurrection* brother——*Good! a genuine democrat! Huzza for democracy and rebellion against the laws.*

John Adams in his dotage.

The strange incongruities of this versatile & freakish old gentleman, have afforded a fund of matter for the democratic editors. In one of his communications to the publishers of the Boston Patriot, Mr. Adams says that the principles of the leading federalists while he was in power, did not accord with his sentiments—whether he states a fact, & whether he does not convict himself of 'holding a language official & a language confidential' of variant import, is easily to be deduced from a perusal of his answers, while president of the U. S. to the numerous addresses poured in upon him from every quarter of the union.

It was Adams' headstrong passion that led the federal party to adopt those obnoxious measures by which they lost the reins of power; and his frantic petulance, when he found himself sinking in the public estimation, laid them open to the lash of ridicule, for all his vagaries were charged to the party that had placed him in office.

Adams says the adoption of that break-neck measure to the federalists, the provisional army bill, was brought about by the intrigues of gen. Hamilton & other influential men. If John speaks & writes the truth, why did he not publish the fact during Hamilton's life, and afford him an opportunity of repelling the charge, if unfounded; or, if that measure was so highly obnoxious to him why not exercise his constitutional prerogative & decline signing the bill? The fact is, that law created an additional patronage, & Johnny was too fond of it to reject it, although he knew the danger that lay hid under the alluring bait.

Ask Duane's present opinion of Mr. Adams, if the fellow had sufficient honesty to speak his real sentiments, he would tell us, 'that he is a greater dotard than he possibly could have supposed.'

The fact is, Johnny and his *FAMILY* were ousted from office, & in the conflict of the two political parties, were likely to sink into oblivion——this gave them the political *belly-ache*, and out he comes, as silly a dupe as ever democratic treachery led to the scaffold of political damnation.

John Adams says, that he thought & felt different from the leading federal men——we assert that his *feelings and official* acts were at variance. In support of our assertion we appeal to his list of appointments to office.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, June 15, by the rev. Dr. Staughton, *Mr. JOSEPH HUTTON* to *Miss SARAH BAKER*, both of this city.

It is universally admitted that Duane and Binns are notorious liars; but though Binns lies full as readily as Duane, yet he is destitute of a certain suavitur in modo, *with which the knight of the pole is blessed. The difference in their* original occupations *may partly account for this difference in the renegadoes—Bill was bred a* printer, *while Jack served part of an apprenticeship to* soap-boiling.

In the recess of the state legislature, the courts of Lancaster county are held in the chamber of the house of representatives, and some of the desks are piled up in the gallery, to make room for people attending the court

One day, at the late term of quarter-sessions for that county, two gentlemen stepped in just before the opening of court—one of them chanced to cast his eye towards the pile of 'empty bulk-heads,' when he espied a man sleeping on the uppermost tier. The noise and bustle of opening the court, awakened the sleeper, and down he came from his airy lodgings, when lo! it was no less a personage than Nathaniel B. Billiew, *the hopeful & sober* scrath-it-a-wry of state. *Observe we do not say Natty was* cockoosy, *but he looked as if he had been endeavoring to elicit fire from* double flint.

Duane republishes *John Adams'* fanciful reveries, with great exultation—had he not better select some of his COMMENDATIONS of that gentleman, published in 1798---99, as a very apt accompaniment?

A Snyderite young lady, a few days ago, being asked what sort of a man she would wish to have for a husband, replied, he must be *wise* as Simon Snyder, *grateful* as N. B. Boileau, *virtuous* as John Binns, *honest* as Matthew Randall, *pious* as John Meer, rich as Theophilus Harris, *learned* as Thomas F. Gordon, *modest* as Jothiah Tittyboy, *handsome* as Jemmy Carson, and as constant as Ebenezer Ferguson.

Alas! poor girl! it is to be feared she will never find such an *accomplished* man.

Upon the receipt of the intelligence brought by the Pacific, the Aurora and the N. York Public Nuisance, sounded anew the tocsin of alarm——'We were bamboozled and shamefully cheated——lulled into false security——the British had violated the arrangement entered into by our government with Mr. Erskine.' Mr. Cheetham very properly considered the *alteration* of the orders in council, as a measure entirely unconnected with, and entered into without a knowledge of the success of Erskine's negociation. This was precisely our opinion; and it has been fully verified by the late correspondence which took place on the 15th and 16th inst. between Mr. Smith and Mr. Erskine, in which the latter assures our government, that 'in consequence of official communications sent to me from his majesty's government, since the adoption of that measure, I am enabled to assure you, that it has no connection whatever with the overtures which I have been authorised to make to the government of the U. States, and that I am persuaded that the terms of the agreement so happily concluded by the recent negociation, will be strictly fulfilled on the part of his majesty.

'The internal evidence of the order itself would fully justify the foregoing construction; and moreover it will not have escaped your notice that the repeal has not thereby been made of the order of the 7th of January, 1807, which according to the engagement I have entered into, on the part of his majesty, is to be abrogated with the other orders in consequence of the adjustment of differences between the two countries, and the confidence entertained of a further conciliatory understanding.'

What faith can the few still deluded admirers of Duane place in any future 'predictions' and 'forebodings' he may endeavor to impose upon them? None! And if they do not clearly perceive the undue bias he entertains for France, they must really be as blind as three day's old puppies.

Jothiah Tittyboy says he would not care for any thing the Tickler publishes respecting him, if the girls did not read it; that all the girls he is acquainted with, read the Tickler just to get somethiug to *bore* him; and even when he is in large assemblies, he can see them looking at one another, giggling and laughing in such a manner, that he is sure he is always the subject of their mirth, and the butt of their ridicule. In fact he is afraid the Tickler will prevent him from ever getting a wife.

A democrat recently called on Joseph Lloyd of this city, attorney at law, and on hearing his little boy call a puppy that he is raising, by the name of Simon Snyder, expressed his astonishment, that Mr. Lloyd should ridicule by such means the man whom he had zealously supported for years past. To which Mr. Lloyd sarcastically replied that he was particularly anxious to get an office from Simon Snyder, and as he saw him making the principal part of his appointments from among those who had called their dogs after him, and bestowed on him such epithets as fool, rascal, governor log, &c. a few years since, he now intended to to get an office by practicing the same game.

Major Stitch, the Dock-street Taylor, some few evening since, had a rencontre with a hardy son of Neptune at a public house in the major's vicinage. On the captain's threatening to give him a flogging, the major answered that it *seemed* to him the captain was *a dunce* thus to afford him an opportunity of taking *measures to bind him over*——adding that none but a *goose* would act as he did——but that he did not care a *button* for him. On the captain's approaching to grapple with him, Major Stitch *shear'd* off; thus making as good a retreat as he did some time since from the redoubtable captain Flash.

Since Jothiah Tittyboy's elevation to the office of clerk of the Mayor's court, we have discovered something on his chin like an indication of approaching manhood, but we are not yet able to decide whether it will be hair or feathers.

Those who know Mat Randall and his hopeful son, apprehend a mistake must have been made by those who assert that he was an auctioneer in England, for the *modesty* of the young man clearly indicates that his father must have been a *brazier*.

Lawyer Notquiteblack, will certainly shine like a well *blacked boot*, at the next Mayor's court. We shall, however, be glad if this bright luminary of the bar acquits himself in such a manner, as to prevent people from saying that he has changed the beautiful gloss he formerly wore, by using *Harris's patent blacking*.

We observed a few days ago, a quantity of hemp lying before *Tom Alljaw's* door, and felt much interested for his fate. There are several stables in the rear of Tom's store——Tom is an Irishman, and hemp is an aristocratic weed——*argal*, Tom might have hung himself——but we were much gratified in learning that Tom had not done so.

WHITE-HORSE.

Dedicated to Honest Mat.

EPIGRAM.

On the death of a noted knave.

If Heaven be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin,
If hell be pleas'd, when sinner's enter in,
If earth be pleas'd, freed from a truckling knave,
Then all are pleas'd that R——'s in his grave.

Theophilus Harris.

Mr. Scratch'em,

As you have promised to give the public some sketches of this man's character & conduct, I will just relate to you a trifling circumstance, which will assist you and others in forming a correct opinion of the man. It is well enough known, that by marrying the widow of Robert Henderson, some years since, he placed himself in easy circumstances, independent of what he *may* have possessed himself. One would suppose he now feels a spirit above that of a spunge! But, alas! how dishonourable to the human species——how disagreeable to delineate such characters. The emotions of disgust and contempt operate upon me so powerfully, that I shall quit him in a few seconds more——Suffice it to say, that he never had the heart to rent a pew for his wife and himself; or even a *seat* for each; but foisted himself, and does *yet*, upon his friends. He once found his wife seated in church, and said to her, 'Sally, you can get a seat round yonder,' *and then occupied the seat himself.*

QUOZ.

Symptoms of Oppugnation.

The above is the title of a caricature published in this city, and for sale at the office of The Tickler. The subject is the rebellion of this state against the authority of the United States——the scene is laid at the corner of Seventh and Mulberry-streets——the most prominent figures in it are Madison and Snyder on the left hand—Duane and Leiper on the right hand, and some of the *dupes* in uniform, marching to and fro. The likenesses of Duane and Leiper are admirably hit off. Snyder, the artist we presume has not seen, but he has touched him, from description, with the hand of a perfect satirist. What appears to be the most exceptionable part of it, is drawing Madison so much in caricature, and particularly dressing him in *red breeches*. But on *all fools day*, the day of publication, Mr. Madison had certainly not acquired his present popularity, and besides allowance for a period still farther back than the 1st of April, should be made for the drawing and engraving of the plate. This kind of business is almost entirely new in this city, and we are highly gratified with this specimen of what can be produced. We wish that this branch of the arts may be pursued, but do not venture to advise it as a path leading to fortune, although it has been so to many a one in London. The price of this print we observe is 31½ cents, which is very cheap, and would scarcely pay for the colouring. We recommend it to the public as an excellent caricature, inflicting wholesome ridicule upon the parasites of ignorance.

A lover of the arts.

'Orders in Council.'

The Councils passed a law in 1806, to prevent the Schuylkill water from being used for private purposes. On this ordinance, which subjects those who infringe it, to a fine of 5 dollars, have the watering committee grounded a resolution, by which a fire-man or hose-man is not permitted to open a fire-plug to wash their engines, carriages, hose, or apparatus, without a special licence in every instance, from one of their body, under the penalty above mentioned. It is not our object to comment upon this extraordinary measure at present, as we understand a spirited remonstrance is about to be presented to the councils. We merely state the matter as it is, with this single remark, that it is bad policy to discourage fire or hose-men by any such restrictions.

SCHUYLKILL.

There is a fellow in this city, of the name of JACOB FRICK, sometimes called Dr. Frick, because he once attempted to study physic, but finding that he would never be able to hammer a sufficient knowledge of that science into his thick skull, to enable him to graduate, he quit the study—became chief clerk & devil driver to John Binns, who has since, through the medium of his deputy, governor Snyder, appointed Frick's father, recorder of deeds and register of wills for Northumberland county. Young Frick is now a complete devotee to the King of Ignorance and his master—is employed by them to do all their dirty work, for which he is particularly qualified: for in addition to his unparalleled stupidity and want of principle, he is the most ungenteel brute and puppy in creation.

Mr. Doctor Frick, in company with his friend Tittyboy, called, a short time since, to see a couple of young ladies of their acquaintance, when to their infinite surprize, they saw the Tickler lying on a table by them. Tittyboy's modesty was now put to the test, and supposing they had been reading his portrait in the Tickler, he blushed most unmercifully. Frick told the ladies that he was astonished they would contaminate their fingers by touching the most blackguard paper ever printed—that no decent or respectable person would peruse or encourage it——that the editor was the vilest scoundrel in the world.

The ladies having taken the hint conveyed in Frick's *polite* observations, treated our heroes with that kind of coolness which they were not well pleased with; they soon took themselves off. After they were gone, one of the young ladies observed, that if Frick would look in the looking glass, he would then see a dirtier scoundrel, a greater hog, and a greater fool at all events, than the editor of the TICKLER.

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 2d street.

B. Roberts.

NB. A large quantity of SNAPPER TURTLE on hand, which will be disposed of on reasonable terms—amongst the number, there is one weighing 57 pounds, and will be cooked on *Wednesday the* 21st inst. Epicures are particularly invited.

FROM THE LANCASTER JOURNAL.

SNYDERIAD,

A POEM.

By Chrononhotonthologos, one mile and an half west of Parnassus.

....

Hail muse sublime! who oft has sung before
Of mystic legends, and of ancient lore:
Of love's soft pangs, and bosom rending sighs,
Of lips too tempting, and too piercing eyes;
Rouse! rouse! thy powers; on wings exalting start,
And wide o'er fancy's airy regions dart;
Pois'd on light pinions, view this happy realm,
For lo! 'tis *Simon* guides the veering helm:
Observe sage *Simon*, and his pimping throng
Sound o'er the world their worth in daring song.
Hail *Simon* then! thou patron of the great,
Thou star of *wisdom*, and thou prop of state;
Whether I scan thee in my noble theme,
At helm of state, or tanner's filthy *beam*,
Whether enshrin'd within the *Bull's fair walls,
Or pricing hides among the butchers' stalls,
Still thy bright wisdom dazzles blind my sight,
And wrapt I wond'ring stay my airy flight.
Yet even tho' now in grandeur's garb you shine,
Eat *speck* at *Kaufman's*† or at *Bull* drink wine,
Still fancy views thee in her roving flights,
As first you was among your vats and hides,
When round thy form the leathern apron wav'd
As in the *pool* your skins you gently lav'd.
But tho' the feds do say your *head* is wood,
'Tis false as hell! I swear; a damn'd falsehood,
'Tis carnal, yes, twice, thrice, I've felt it fair,
'Tis flesh and blood, and solid bone and hair.

But stop my muse—'tis time to bid adieu
To *rats* and *Simon*—next we'll view *Billew*.
Billew then comes! Go on my faithful muse,
And view in human shape a cackling goose;
Who oft to *Simon* dictates measures wise,
Looks like a sage and rolls his weazle eyes;
Speaks of strange things, and says 'tis just and right
To knock down Olmstead and to raise up Bright‖
Writes what he can, the rest he steals from books,
And shews his vileness in his artful looks.

As to man John, good God, my muse 'tis vain
To speak of him—alas! he's got no brain;
No: de'il an ounce within his leaden skull,
'Tis charg'd with pride, with vanity and wool.

But rise, my muse, to nobler, happier strains,
Rise, rise, 'tis *Porter*, all your power now claims;
Ruby-nos'd general! yes, my muse, 'tis him
That calls on you to mount on daring wing,
O man of wisdom! genial child of grace!
Thou fawning spaniel, and thou blubber face;
Thou gain'd an office by thy head of brass,
'Tis vain to count thy crimes, thou! thou! thou—ass.

Steady my muse, hold, whom do I *now* see
So tall, so lank, with grin, approaching me?
'Tis Jemmy! ha! the philosophic wight,‖
Who prates of *large books*, that he yet will write;
Who talks of physics, faculties, and mind,
How *Locke*, or *Reid*, or *Gleig ideas* defin'd,
With dark ingratitude his patron treats
And now the red-nos'd general, fawning, greets.

Alas! my muse, thy plumes now fade away
In the bright lustre of poetic day,
That shines around *Cochran's delphic head:
O bards of old, now slumbering with the dead!
Would you could see within this western world,
This brother bard, with fancy's sails unfurl'd,
Ride o'er the region with Apollo's hosts
And paint, with hues immortal, jacobin toasts:
'Twould make old Homer tremble for his fame,
And Virgil's self print things without his name.

---

* His excellency lodges at the sign of the Bull.

† Not long since *Simon* and a few congenial Solomons took a ride into the country to visit the wise Jakey Kaufman. Jakey was in a terrible flurry about getting his guests something to eat, and told them, tremblingly, that he had nothing to give them but some smoked *speck*. Simon, however, told Jakey, that it would do very well. When Jakey saw that the governor *could* eat *speck* also, he was so much pleased with him, as to exclaim, '*Ved Mr. Schnyder is a right town clefer man, and a goot governer, he tosserit tink himself too broud to eat mid a farmer.*'

This is the way Simon gains popularity. We advise him, if he wishes to be re-elected, to go often a *speck* eating.

‡ We advise Simon to state, in his next address to the members of the assembly, the justness and propriety of rewarding the valorous conduct of general M. Bright, in his late rencontre at fort Rittenhouse, with a present of an *elegant gold hafted sword*.

‖ Sometimes called Linky Lanky. Whatever may be said of this strange personage, we are convinced he possesses *more* mind than the whole squad of officers at the seat of government put together; yet with this he possesses also the vanity of the whole.

* John Cochran, of Erie, secretary of the land-office and poet laureat to his Tannic Majesty.

FROM THE YORK RECORDER.

FREE THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY

Solomon's Epistle to John Binns,

as read by said John at the feast of Ignorance.

'SHOOT FOLLY AS IT FLIES.'

If armed opposition to the law, and forcible detention of our neighbour's money be tests of the patriotism of '76, in what grade of patriots shall we class the highway robber and the house breaker? Oh *Simon, Simon!*

Our Solomon's dilemma has two horns——either Olmsted's money was a lien to the commonwealth or it was not. In the first case is it not direct robbery (upon the good people of Pennsylvania) to pay it into the treasury of the union? In the latter, General Bright's *immortality* must be bottomed upon rebellion & treason!

What an ideot and driveller was lord North in his dealings with the patriots of '75, to make such an unnecessary waste of blood and powder, when half a score old women *disguised in broad brimmed hats* would have brought them to their marrow bones '*experto crede.*'

If we were not grossly misinformed Gen. Bright's 'patriotism during our revolutionary struggle was evinced,' by baking excellent biscuit for the army, for which, no doubt, he received suitable payment. As bread is the staff of life, his name *may* be probably immortalized '*Ob Cives servatos.*'

AMAZING CONDESCENSION! that the majesty of Pennsylvania should deem it an honour to call the *least worthy* of Bright's accomplices, his brother!! We subscribe to the affinity, since every *action* of his life has proved it; but we doubt whether his adopted relative will be equally proud of the connexion!

To be serious, we cannot help thinking that after raising the bayonet in defence of the fair sex, it was pitiful to ground it at the waving of a *grey goose quill*.—Discretion has been called the best part of valour, but a bragging bully is ever akin to a coward.

Immortality goes at cheap pennyworths in Pennsylvania, since the Godlike SCHNEIDER has conferred it upon the *baffled Bright*.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

When this lovely brace of sisters landed on our shores, with smiles on their faces, and the olive branch in their hands, they were received with open arms. We looked with the eyes of a lover, and every thing *viz* Paris, was charming. The graces themselves, had they visited our sea ports, would scarcely have received more attention. All orders were emulous to prepare dinners and eat the civic cake with their new guests.

A gentleman who had at least his share of national philosophy, was enraptured with the new comers, and resolved, as he was fond of French fashions, to introduce their etiquette into his family. A council was called, and Sambo invited among the rest.

Children, says he, this is an age of reformation. We have improved upon the English principles of education and government, and the French upon ours. It is fully proved we are all born free and equal. I have adhered to the erroneous notions of our forefathers long enough. Hereafter I will lay aside commands and punishments, the instruments of tyrants, and you shall be governed by reason. Your own judgment, instead of my severity, shall correct your faults. It shall be my part to request, and yours to comply.

You berry good, masser; I tanka you masser, says Sambo, with a low bow——I like your resolution, says Edward, the oldest son, who had long sighed for liberty—That's your sort, cried master Billy, clapping his hands. Miss Betsey courtsyed——the wife, whose claim to equality was already established, was pleased with the anticipation of something new.

All was joy and complacency. A civic dinner ensued. A little dispute arose about the propriety of Sambo's sitting at the table. None showed resentment or used high words, but Betsey and her mama, who insisted that liberty and equality were never made for negroes.

Edward could not see why black and white might not sit as well together round the table, as round a woman's head, and observed that these colors, with almost every other, had often been good companions on his mama's head dress.

Ned was a shrewd fellow; he foresaw Sambo would soon rule the roast, and wished to secure his favor. The good man settled the dispute by a conciliatory proposition. The family were to wait on themselves, and Sambo to relinquish his equal right of sitting at the table with them.

Excessive good nature is often the introduction to quarrels. After dinner the master wished to ride out of town. Sambo was requested to saddle the horse and brush his boots. The horse was prepared; but when the boots were called for, Sambo was blacking his own shoes. He waited patiently till they were ready, then went out to mount his horse——not to be found——Ned understanding the doctrine of equal rights, had ridden off with his father's horse, and left the old man in the lurch.

He begins to suspect that his new doctrine, which seemed an angel in theory, would be the devil in practice: Like hasty converts he soon becomes an apostate. The next day, a number of his friends were invited to dine with him, and discuss his new principles. Sambo had pitched on the same time to convene his companions; the sooty tribe had taken possession of the kitchen just before his master's party entered the parlour. He thought himself lord of the kitchen, had reserved a few of the best pieces for his own table, & was handing round the second bottle in celebration of his independence, when the maid related his proceedings to the mistress. She spoke loudly on the subject.

The master blushed for shame, stepped into the kitchen, invited Sambo to tend the table, at the same time reprimanding him for the freedom he had taken.

Sambo was too much intoxicated with the spirit of liberty and West-India, to fear or obey, but not enough to forget the overtures of the day before. He answered abruptly, he must be excused for the present. The master thought it time to resort to the old fashioned instruments of commands and punishments, or rather, without stopping to think, began to use them. High words and hard blows ensued——the noise reached the parlor. Every white face reddened with blushes & resentment, and liberty & equality were echoed from each corner of the kitchen by the blacks. I need not relate the sequel.

The gentleman never hears liberty & equality pronounced without shaking his head; he has often declared he had rather have the old boxers, Castor & Pollux in his house, and that he believed if they were allowed to run at large in our country, they would do more mischief than sword and famine. He deals in extremes.

Liberty uncontrolled, experience proves to be one of the worst of tyrants; accompanied with good order and good laws, as she was one of the first settlers in this country, may she be found among its last inhabitants. I do not pretend to write for nations; my pen is employed for family use.

If you are a father, and your boy begins to prate about equality, take off his hat, hang it up as high as you can reach, and bid him do the same with yours; if he says he is not tall enough, bid him say no more about equality, till he is of equal stature with yourself.

EPIGRAM.

'I recollect,' says Will to Sam,
'Though much your brains did toil,
You could not write an epigram
Upon this fencing foil.
The cause so plain no one can miss,
Your wits were out of joint.'
'Not so,' cries Sam, 'the cause was this,
Your subject had no point.'

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

[*An extract from Salmagundi.*]

'How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for awhile, and contemplated in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementos of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desart, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their dust—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate, had long since faded from remembrance—history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality——Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of fame are reposed. * He who imagines he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome, shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion, shall often pass away, before their own duration is accomplished.'

Published every Wednesday morning,

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 175 south Front-street.